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A Town in Tethers

By ROBSON BLACK

ARTHUR
KEELOR

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Brock's Ride: By M. O. Hammond

A BOLDLY FIVE or six long-legged horses, galloping down a pine road, came hurtling straight by the wind and rain of an October evening. The image recalled to Brock's ride from Fort George to Queenston in 1812. We reverse Wolfe's steady ascent of Quebec, we recreate the heroics of Laura Secord to her father's fight to Beaver Dam, but it is doubtful if we have quite grasped the dramatic tension of Brock as he rode to his death in the first great battle of the Niagara frontier in 1812.

Flushed with success at Detroit, which he left in charge of Proctor, Brock had hastily returned to Niagara. We know the danger that awaited him. He was strong, too, by the conciliatory policy of Prevost in agreeing to an armistice. Yet he knew that in Van Rensselaer he had a foe bent to avenge the recent American defeat.

When Van Rensselaer paid a social visit to Fort George, Brock had eagerly exhibited a pair of brass horse-arms he had taken at Detroit.

"Oh, yes, they are all pieces of mine," he said. "I want like those back," was the reply.

Brock's days of waiting at Fort Niagara were filled with anxiety. Victory at Detroit was no guarantee of victory here. Even two days before the battle he was harassed by a new outbreak of malaria.

At the 40th Regiment at Queenston. Under the circumstances such a condition was unexpected. Yet even Brock's horse-arms seemed to offer little solace to some of the malcontents. It is a suggestive reading that the 40th Regiment at Queenston was ordered to march with some of the malcontents. It is a suggestive reading that the 40th Regiment at Queenston was ordered to march with some of the malcontents. It is a suggestive reading that the 40th Regiment at Queenston was ordered to march with some of the malcontents.

At any rate, Brock visited Queenston the day before the battle. "In response to a dispatch from Capt. Drake, on his death-bed, wrote in a military state of mind." Brock expressed his anxiety in a letter to Prevost on the 12th, in which he said:

"Were it not for the number of Americans on our flank we might defy all their efforts against that part of the province."

His confidence in the armistice that Prevost had agreed was voiced in a letter to Prevost on the 12th, in which he said:



Here is an excellent example of the late Brock, from a painting by J. A. H. Smith in the Parliament Building in Ottawa.

"I shall refrain as much as possible, under your excellent position, from any further advice, although sensible that each day's delay gives me an advantage."

Writing to Prevost at Detroit on the 11th and 12th, he reported his disappointment at the delay, and sent news of Wellington's victory at Salamanca in Spain, in a brilliant campaign which he went sometimes have suggested.

Thus while Brock was impressing himself at Queenston, Brock was preparing for the invasion he felt was inevitable. While there was evidence that an American force was moving at Four Mile Creek, a little to the east of Fort Niagara, on Lake Ontario, the ride of bullets from Lewiston which met Brock and every other British soldier visible at Queenston on the 12th, promised an outbreak of hostilities from that quarter. Thus and other events Brock had before Brock on the night of the 12th, when he had galloped back to his headquarters back up the river. He reported to Brock, who was deeply

impressed and dashed the word to the front of all the militia in the neighborhood.

Brock met his staff in a prolonged council that night. As though conscious of a coming struggle, he paced the floor far before. The council was marked by a lively discussion on the strength of the enemy and their likely plans of landing. After the last of his staff, Major-General Clegg and Evers, had retired, Brock sat alone writing. To his brother-in-law he wrote of the threatened invasion, and said: "If I should be killed the province is inevitably gone."

Brock finally retired after midnight, undoubtedly weary by the danger and uncertainty that beset him, but buoyed up by the apprehensions of overwhelming events. Brock's words that the night succeeding by which he was awakened, occurred "shortly after two a.m." though the intense darkness of that hour in the middle of October, and the short time necessary to gallop to Queenston before daylight, would suggest a slightly later hour. In any event, Brock was at once awake and alert.

The next day, in a letter to his brother, Alfred, a high-spirited account of the James' Creek. He had been so to start for Queenston that he did not wait for his sister, Col. McDonnell and Major General, who followed him to the battle. Brock's brother-in-law, who was so to start for Queenston that he did not wait for his sister, Col. McDonnell and Major General, who followed him to the battle.

It is probable we know to be leaving at night, no place for the day could yet be developed, and Brock merely warned the troops in the fort to be ready, believing the attack on Queenston might be only a stunt. As he passed out the gates of Fort George, a drummer, armed with mud from the river, handed him a dispatch, announcing that the Americans had landed in force at Queenston.

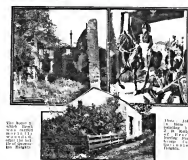
The town of Niagara was already under the threatened danger. Belts in the Church of St. Mark, which is still standing, and in the corner, opened the alarm of the battle. Lights appeared in windows and the noise of spirited hoof-beats brought many a good soldier to the door with a gasp: "That line and spare him!"

Here enters the new element of sentiment and romance of this heroic episode. One by one the militia stood before the British, in which a young, married Stephen Shaw, daughter of General James Shaw, and sister of Mrs. Powell, but remembered in history as Brock's

brother. General Shaw had served his King in the Revolutionary War, and in the winter of 1793-4 he had led a detachment of troops from New Brunswick to Montreal on horseback. During Brock's tenure in York, his wife and Miss Shaw were under the Wilton, a house planted by her father in what is now Belleville's Park. What more natural than that Stephen Shaw should make some to his sister at Niagara, to be near her mother's home? Their last meeting was on the fabled morning of Queenston Heights. This incident was described in a contemporary note by the investigation of Walter R. Murray, author of "The Story of James Brock." Mr. Murray, though a family connection, had had access to letters by Miss Shaw herself, which show that Brock called at the Powell house, already a ruin, equipped a map of the route from the porch from Miss Shaw, and there bade her farewell as he rode to battle. The world, therefore, gave us some light on an episode no less romantic than heroic, the picture of a brilliant soldier in a crisis, riding to the rescue of the hour as his country called him to battle, while the woman even then reared in his care.

With this touching scene history takes form of Miss Shaw, who in subsequent life, in single devotion to the memory of her brave lover, was passed in widowhood in Toronto. Let Col. George Shaw, a hale veteran on the city's retired soldier, answer Miss Shaw's name at that of a great act.

As Brock proceeded through the village there was considerable evidence of the love in which he was held, and of the recognition of the serious danger the colony faced. The United Empire Loyalists, who largely composed the population of the province, were still coming from the oppression of the American Revolutionary party. In the day after, the Upper Canada Assembly had passed a resolution declaring that the Americans on invading Canada at the time "were declared to be traitors," and reminding Canadians in somewhat florid language that "Now, you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the



The Battle of Queenston Heights. The picture is a reproduction of the original painting by J. A. H. Smith in the Parliament Building in Ottawa.

parent state which contends for the prefer of oppressed nations, the last glory of approved humanity."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Brock's dash through the village to the battle should have profoundly moved all who saw him. Judge Ralph Church and a few old half-pay officers interested in his wife in Queenston to range themselves in the ranks of the volunteers.

Now outside the gates of Niagara, Brock's dash through a wet, misty morning, under a heavy rain, was a sight to be remembered. The Americans, who had been so to start for Queenston that he did not wait for his sister, Col. McDonnell and Major General, who followed him to the battle. Brock's brother-in-law, who was so to start for Queenston that he did not wait for his sister, Col. McDonnell and Major General, who followed him to the battle.

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Continued on Page 38

according to the code. Now you use the advantages of these submarines as naval warfare, for a battleship equipped with track instruments can talk to its own submarines while they are out on their numbered and coded messages, and they can actually direct their movements against an enemy's vessels.

"Without the submarines being obliged to come to the surface, they can be used."

"They need not come up until just before launching their torpedoes, say at a distance of a thousand yards from the vessel they wish to attack. They will only show their periscopes for a few seconds while they make fast observations."

"And then launch their torpedoes?"

"Yes."

"Does a vessel need more than one submarine?"

"Yes, it needs two. The two ones, one on either side, which allows it to fix the direction from which a signal comes. This is done by a delicate instrument that takes account of differences in the intensity of a given signal as heard by the two electrical ears, one of which is placed at a distance from the other. A ship's officer has only to adjust this instrument and then read off the dial the exact distance from the compass from which the signal comes."

"Then a battleship, as it received wireless signals from one of its own submarines, would know the direction in what direction that submarine lay?"

"Within a few degrees, yes. In such circumstances an officer, using the direction, has an exactly ascertained half a point of the compass."

"How about the distance of a submarine from a battleship? A battleship would a battleship tell that?"

"Yes, approximately, by the intensity of the sound received, for, of course, the resistance to sound is in direct proportion to the distance increases. There will be a distance indicator with a dial graduated in thousands of yards, and as an officer will read off the distance indicator, he will also see the points of the compass. Besides this, a battleship will get precise information from its own submarines. I want a friendly submarine, by talking with her in code, by asking questions as to her speed, direction, distance below the surface, etc."

"Foster all this, and then a battleship, which can thus control the movements of submerged submarines as an enormous advantage over the ships of an enemy, a single cruiser, armed by half a dozen deadly craft, swimming far below the surface and able to manoeuvre safely on the lower part of the battlefield, and another ship might easily wipe out a whole squadron of dreadnaughts unopposed against the new design. With assistance toward, a battleship becomes an eye to see, a brain to guide, while the submarines, moving, sighting, through the fog, black waters, are arms that strike and destroy unopposedly according to orders from above."

"Fear increases increases the losses of the submarine?"

"The professor shook his head. "That is true for dreadnaughts not equipped with confidence. But the officers that are able to listen with electrical aids, the submarine becomes far less formidable. The

officer makes it possible for the ship's officer to have the presence of mind as enemy's submarines while it is in sight away. With our existing apparatus we could detect such presence at a distance of two miles, and we have now a simplifying device that will extend this distance to five miles or more."

"The next one of the battleships from submarine attack?"

"A great measure of safety, yes."

"Then those British cruises that were made distant and also the ones could have escaped if they had carried these listening apparatus?"

"Unquestionably."

Do the Allies Want Italian Aid?

From the New York Times.

WHILE Germany has brought every sort of pressure to bear upon Italy to remain aloof from the fray, and France holds, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Kaiser's special ambassador, have been actually going to the length of offering Austria's Italian-speaking provinces to Italy as the price of her neutrality—offer which has excited indignation at Vienna. It is hardly to be supposed that France has taken any steps to induce Italy to join their cause.

It is only the English and French newspapers that have been crying *Victor Emmanuel* to draw his sword, declaring that otherwise his country would have no share or voice in the eventual arrangements of the map of Europe on the restoration of peace. If the truth were known, it would probably be found that the Governments of Great Britain and France, far from considering Italy to be of any use to the country, feared her adherence to a policy of neutrality. For they have realized that the participation of Italy in the war would mean the fall of the Italian Empire, and may, indeed, entail its destruction.

Now neither Great Britain nor France extends any degree of assistance toward Austria-Hungary, and both regarded that the Dual Empire should be permitted itself to be dragged into a war against Italy by Germany. There is a determination in official circles in London and in Paris to crush not Germany, but the military invader of France, and the only integrity left to be safely to rest upon the South German, whom it is inclined to aid of the destruction of the Italian Empire. It is the cost of their national independence.

What I have stated above, is the effect that both the British and the French Governments have had in their adherence to a policy of neutrality rather than of participation in the fray, it is here set by the intervention of the *Thameside* (London), Minister of the Interior, in a letter to the authorized interview, printed in the *Italian Corriere della Sera*, and is as follows:

"What would they have done?"

"At once as they knew the popular names of the attacking submarines, which would have been some time before the German torpedoes were launched, they would have changed their course and gone about at full speed. That would have baffled the enemy, for submarines are slow-moving craft, and they depend upon their presence is not momentary. It is even possible that the British cruisers, knowing by dial indications the approximate distance and also the direction of the submerged German vessels, could have destroyed them by launching torpedoes of their own."

"The next one of the battleships from submarine attack?"

"Unquestionably."

"Unquestionably."

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"Unquestionably."

"Unquestionably."

"Unquestionably."

"Unquestionably."

for real. In fact, leading statements at Rome have simply asserted that England could have hastened Italy's intervention in the war on the side of the allies, at the point that she showed, by simply threatening to provide the expenditure of cost to that country.

There has been ever since last August a great scarcity of coal in the Peninsula, owing to the great loss in the east of England, the English railways having increased their rules of clearance from one shilling to thirty shillings a ton. In fact, the drought of fuel has been so great that the whole railway has been obliged to supply coal to gas works and other producers of public utility. It has been in the power of England virtually to arrest all industries in Italy, and even all traffic on the railways of the kingdom—these railways that are indispensable in the mobilization and movement of troops—by holding up the foreign coal supply of Italy.

There have been two other reasons besides those mentioned above which have deterred Italy from entering the war. One of these reasons has been of a financial character. Germany, with her vast resources, measured in such a fashion in May, June, and July last that by means of the sale of bills of exchange on the London market she had managed to raise the sum of £100,000,000 in English gold, to return her gold on the outbreak of hostilities became worthless. Germany succeeded in making France in this fashion to at least still have a loan, and also held up Italy to much the same manner.

Now, while France and Great Britain are very wealthy nations, Italy is not, and she has not the means to raise the £100,000,000 in gold in the manner which would have been forced to Germany by any declaration of war between the two countries. During the eight months which have elapsed since then Italy has had time to adjust her trade relations as a measure with Germany, and, although the latter still remains her debtor to a considerable amount, yet it is looking like as long as it is left Italy.

The other reason was of a purely military nature, and was the result of the inferiority of the armaments, and especially in the shortage of ammunition which brought about a transitional crisis in spring of 1915. The latter situation has been entirely repaired, thanks largely to the enormous amount of ammunition obtained from this country since last July. There are now large quantities of American shells now on their way to the Mediterranean near Naples and Genoa. The artillery has likewise been entirely re-equipped, and is to-day is equipped with a fully equipped number of those English and French guns which have been playing so important a rôle in the operations in France and Belgium.

What has undoubtedly precipitated the action of Italy in abandoning her policy of neutrality just at the present juncture in the attack upon the Dual Empire is the fact that Italy was virtually assured of the fulfillment of her territorial aspirations, the borders of the Adriatic and along the Adriatic frontier,

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is wanted. It is able to drop that, in a diplomatic sense, the ground has been prepared for a series of agreements upon which the belligerents on both sides fully as determined by the peace of the United States as were the British soldiers' and the French farmers in the Napoleonic wars. It is still a question how far Great Britain will go in its isolation against Germany, but there are strong intimations in Sir Edward Grey's last sale of measures that may try out policies of they do not across the leading countries by the German "ma-mau" policy.

It is very likely that in framing the policy the German Government has taken into full consideration the remoteness of the United States and the comprehensive effect of any such measures that Germany would take to reduce its possible gains. The Germans are the bolder isolation, because they can see no way in which the United States could become a factor in the European struggle. Yet all the circumstances suggest that the German note plainly states, that an actual aggression on American ships, or on passengers in the war zone is a direct or indirect. One may wonder with the utmost confidence that "mistake" of a steady character will be scrupulously avoided. If the United States is involved in the United States because of certain possibilities our people should be reassured by the relations that even the breaking of an American ship sent to London this country in war. The German Government declines to answer, as a matter of principle, all responsibility for such direct results in the war zone, but one must believe that the German Government has not gone mad. It would strike its resources in a Ford America comparison in its own much discussed "bent" and "unfortunate" results.

A Gifted Memoir Writer

By Stanley Weyler in Maclean's Magazine.

A British Cottage, Berkeley Square, a resident's visit to a town, has been the subject of the most beautiful little book in all London, three lives Mrs. Maud May Charterhouse. Although her name is known to the public, it is a little book, a little book of the gift of the memoir to discover a new life of bookmaking enterprise. During the past five years she has projected herself upon the presentation of different characters with astonishing facility and skill.

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secret personality was stamped on every page of these delightful memoirs. Yet, at the same time, it was curiously good that some abiding person had been a helping hand in the shaping of the autobiographical style, for the fact stood out as plain as a photograph that Lady Cardigan was a person of the highest of society—more than that, they were personally young old ladies as Lady Cardigan undoubtedly was and in—were seldom physically in possession of the sustained effort of writing, needed, body volume at the hand with such abundance of thought. For some time the identity of the clever writer who had been Lady Cardigan's amanuensis, or semi-editor, did not transpire. However, with the publication of several other vivid true stories, which she has helped "sub-junct" who are the bearers of historic news to write, Mrs. Cardigan has been given the credit which is, deservedly, her own. Of these more recent works, "My Own Story," by Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown-Princess of Saxony, because one of the best selling books of its year, which "My Own Story" by the Countess Marie Leitch, has been almost equally profitable.

For the Queen Crown-Princess of Saxony, Mrs. Cardigan began to especially warm over in her heart. "I regard Louisa as perhaps the most deeply moved woman of today," she says truthfully. Even as Mrs. Cardigan writes, the secret Queen has a true history which is summed up in that working sense of self-expression.

Myself, and brother to repeat. My beloved friend, my dearest son, My dear whatever I do.

"My Own Story," the memoir in which Louisa of Tuscany is probably the best of all the stories associated with her, was written partly at her villa at Florenz, near Florence, and partly at the Hotel in Berkeley Square, where the Crown-Princess makes her home when she is in London.

"To live with Louisa—and the remark again with still greater force to the Countess Marie Leitch—was to be steeped in tragedy," said Mrs. Cardigan. "When I learnt the most loss of these two women, I had never been so surprised at anything that may happen in human life."

There she will tell you of the intimate pathos of a young Louisa paid with her to the Palace at Florence on a day when it was known, open to the public, and the ended Princess, in order to see the portraits and art treasures of her ancestors, was taken to look at the pictures on the walls and then at Louisa to see the time family houses." Mrs. Cardigan recalls. "One could plainly see she had inherited every physical trait of the hapless Empress, the delicate hands of the Russian women and their feet—and also her hair. When she was in the 'most lost,' said Mrs. Cardigan. And perhaps under still in her account of Christmas spent a year or two ago with Louisa in Brussels, when in the bedroom of the prince, after for solitary surroundings, a German Christmas tree, decked out precisely as it would have been for her children at the Dresden Court.



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There aren't any more (Canadian) patches to be visited, are there?"

Without replying Varden led the way outside. They let themselves out by a rear gate and quickly plunged into a maze of side streets. The city was more or less deserted. The air was chill and damp and the first strains of dawn were lighting up the broken darkness of the sky. They had walked for several minutes, for the most part along narrow, dingy streets with ancient houses on either side that seemed ready to tatter forward through time, till they came to a stop in front of one of the largest and grandest houses they had encountered. It was as dark and still as the neighbors on all sides.

"Stein are coming, stop lightly," whispered Varden, producing a latch key which gave them entrance to a dark and narrow hallway. "Don't be too careful. The very walls here are their dogs."

After glancing cautiously up two flights in darkness of Russian tenements, they came to a landing where which fell a narrow strip of light emanating from under a door. Varden knocked softly three times in quick succession and then twice slowly. The door was instantly opened and they stepped into a dimly lighted room. The men who had admitted them wore the uniform of an office of the Russian Cossack.

"You are late," he said. "Your friend?"

"By the Prince's permission," responded Varden.

The door disappeared into an inner room and returned almost immediately, motioning them to enter. They found themselves in a large room, very richly decorated. Faded Georgian tapestries hung in corners and on the walls with the elaborate appearance of the East. Around a long table sat men, men were seated, one after another.

Prisoners entered and could hardly number from rising his eyes. Surely the man seated at the end of the table was Sir Edward Headon of the British Government! The Canadian looked again and became convinced that his eyes had not been playing tricks with him. There was no mistaking the man who had forced so largely in the foreign policy of the British Empire. The official, serious features, the firm jaw, the calm, unshaken expression had been familiarized in the world by the experience and knowledge. Firm, steady and unshaken, Sir Edward was really the opposite personality in the group around the table. He was supposed to be at that very moment in Whitehall, grappling with the momentous problems of the war. It was even probable that the glowing lines of the censorious Northcliffe gave him certain more references to Sir Edward's presence in the city or perhaps his place in the country.

And, going further on surprise, he found him not a member of the House of Commons, but a member of the House of Lords. He was speaking as they entered, took word falling with the accurate emphasis that was one of his best known characteristics. Prince Peter was there too, seated beside a man whose face

was vaguely familiar to the Canadian. Fenton started the landowner, heavily-lashed countenance of the stranger for a moment before he recognized him as Count Salskoff of the Russian Foreign Ministry. The rest of the group were quite unknown to Fenton but he concluded that they were Russians.

Then he remembered certain hints that Varden had let drop that afternoon to the effect that representatives of the allied nations were in London. Varden had been very mysterious about it but Fenton had guessed the suggestion that the street of their visit had been to bring from a definite stand. That Sir Edward Headon had come was fit to underline the estimate in person was a striking evidence of the importance that the observance of Europe attached to the position of Russia with reference to the gigantic conflict now at its height.

Prince Peter rose and greeted the newcomers with a bow, welcoming Varden to the vacant seat and indicating that Fenton should place himself in a chair at some little distance from the table. No words of introduction were spoken but the members of the conference acknowledged Varden's address to their hosts with formal bows. Fenton felt the cold, official gaze of the Edward Headon fixed upon him for a moment and was then aware that the other men in the room subjected him to a more or less close scrutiny. Thus the discussion proceeded in French.

"As you are aware, you are representatives of the allied nations, now in London at the personal invitation," Prince Peter said. "I think had been taken from entering the war because of our inability to gain the necessary agreement from the British Government for the assistance I was hoping that a would result in entering the war, in continuing our people with interests of Russia and allied with the allied cause. Unfortunately I was unable to gain the consent of his Majesty to a formal meeting of the delegates intended to discuss the war situation with you. I took it upon myself to meet you this morning with such members of the King's advisers as I knew to be of use in my thinking, as it was apparent to me that, before we could take any positive steps looking to Russia's entry into the war, it was necessary that we have a definite understanding. We want know exactly where you stand before we take any definite steps to carry out the suggestion that I think you will find with the nations you represent. This explains the existence of several people which it has been necessary to hold this morning. Your presence in London, particularly, is a most valued ally by those at present in this house. I have made arrangements for your stay in London. It is my earnest belief that within a week it will be possible to welcome you back in your official capacity to sign a treaty on behalf of your respective Governments, looking forward to the allied cause."

"Now as to the terms under which we could enter the war," he went on, "I believe we have reached unanimous agreement on all points. Britain would guarantee to Russia in the event of a Russian invasion of Europe. Russia would be required to be in the event of



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death from an Iranian bullet when we
are all working for an opportunity to risk
our lives on the battlefield."

"But don't you see that Iran's future
depends upon your safety?" cried Vanden.
"If they succeed in putting you out of the
way, our chance of encountering his Majesty
would be hopelessly small!"
"I shall take every precaution, of
course," promised the Prince. "You can
depend upon me not to risk myself un-
necessarily. And now we must discuss
some means of following more closely the
effects of our advances. It is quite clear
that they will stop at nothing."

CHAPTER V

An Attempted Assassination

As they spoke, there came a knock.
"Three late in night, monsieur," said
the valet, who was waiting in the hall.
"The door is open. The Prince is waiting
in the library." The valet bowed and
closed the door a few inches and passed
out into the gleam of the hall-
light. After a brief silence in whispers
with the new arrival, he stepped back and
three men entered. Came a woman,
dressed up so severely in a black that
the colour of her hair and dress was visible.
She stepped into the area of falling
light provided by the dim gas jet and
looking her clock, these back the door.

Prince's first impression was one of as-
tonishment at her casual beauty. He
saw an old man of respectable age
was small—quite perhaps would give a
more accurate impression. And somehow
he understood even an exclamation. Al-
though almost old like in some features
of his face, there was no suggestion of
fragility about him. His countenance was
open, and his eyes were bright and
clear, and his hair was black and
thick. He was a man of a certain
dignity, and his manner was one of
calmness and self-control.

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He saw a crowded assembly hall, a
large stage with a brightly lighted and
a little figure that suddenly appeared in the
centre of it. He saw a man on his feet,
and a wonderful smile that seemed
to grip the hearts of the fashionable
audience and then glided into such a storm
as the applause made him on the first flash
of dawn when there that there
suddenly reveals are none. Anne Peterson
After a few minutes, the Prince stepped
back into the room where the conference
had been held and Vanden turned toward
him friend.

"Come here, Vanden," he said.
"Monsieur, permit me to present our
latest acquisition, Mr. Fenton from Can-
ada. Fenton, this is Monsieur Anne
Peterson."

Fenton bowed, and the little person, as
much Fenton had unconsciously pre-
sented her in his mind, smiled. The smile
brought back more vivid recollections of
her triumph at that evening when he had
watched her interpret divine music with
her finger feet.

"I saw Mademoiselle Peterson on her
last in our country," said Fenton. "That
was three years ago, and I have not
seen her since. It is a pleasure to be
added that I recognized her again."

The dancer looked up at him and smiled
again. She had retained from the years
years maintained her own character
with Peter and Vanden; and did not
seem at all shy of the present.
"I am very glad to see you," she said.

"I like your Canada," she said, speak-
ing English with marked brightness.
"I like it very much, perhaps I
most like the people here."

"I trust our next meeting will be no
longer deferred on that," said Fenton,
laughing. "The opportunity to stay here
in Iran for some time—or until the little
matter is ended in settled. For colored
apart from several matters in Vanden."

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had need of water before eating themselves.

"I've failed," announced Bracey, with a dejected air. "I went over the ground this morning. I covered every spot. And all I was able to get was the bare surface of the story. No amount of cross-examination could uncover a new feature in the case. Any kind of police officer could have secured as much information as I managed to get."

Hughart, who was stretched out at full length on a couch, sat up with a movement that, in one of his seductive habits, revealed unexpected energy.

"Heavy, you interest me," he said. "There will be some information to take up a case which has completely baffled the most expert of investigators. The only complaint I have had, Bracey, has been that you always got so much information that getting the facts together and strapping a conclusion became the worst child's play. This time, it seems, you have something better for me."

"I reported at once to the head of the secret service at Washington," began Bracey. "He was astonished that you had not seen fit to investigate the matter myself and was very much astonished when I informed him that you had been helped from your room on a case just. He had heard all about the big affairs now handled and considered, but at first that the solution in each case had been reached purely on lines of common sense. However, he was in such a way over the line of the papers that he accepted my services with as good grace as could be expected and told me to go ahead."

Bracey then related the facts as he had gleaned as to the theft of the Praxide plane, giving a painstakingly detailed story. At the conclusion, Hughart rose with a perfect display of dramatic effect.

"A good case, Bracey," he said. "Some interesting features. Drop back other leads."

When Bracey resumed early in the afternoon, he found that Hughart had reached a conclusion. The present feeling of satisfaction that came with knowledge of a lead was replaced by the feeling of gloom which which the armchair detective granted his assistant.

"To tell a little regarding this case," said Hughart. "First the solution that I tell you over the line of reasoning that I had to follow myself."

"In the first place," began Hughart. "There are three primary theories to account for the theft of the plane from which a short message was sent. Either the theft was committed by representatives of some foreign country, by adventurers acting in self-interest, or by one of the men concerned in the direct negotiations."

"I reject the last suggestion on the evidence presented. If the representatives of a foreign country had secured the plane, no effort would have been made to use them back to the United States Government. The second is an impossible one; no nation would voluntarily share it with another."

"In any case there are single facts that point to the responsibility of foreign agents? We have Praxide's word for it that he received a letter purporting

to come from the agent of a European country, offering a large sum. He has never professed that letter. It is to be supposed that he would feel in having so valuable a piece of evidence with him, a strong lever to resist him, if necessary, against a great price from the U. S. government? In any case, an adventurer, desiring to get possession of the plane, would be expected to operate under the color of some interest."

"Now come to Praxide's statements with regard to the attempts made to steal the plane while they were in his possession. Is it to be presumed for a moment that the agents of any European country, skilled in just such work, would be so unskillfully clumsy as the inventor's refusal to add share them to be? According to his story, information of his invention leaked out immediately after the first letter reached the department. The nature of this leakage has not been detailed."

When arrangements were made for Praxide to come north, the information would undoubtedly get out through the same mysterious source. If an effort were to be made to rob the inventor, it could most effectively be done on the trip north. Can you imagine these things if told the very last moment and then holding him up as a head thief? Can you believe that he, trained in the German ways of secret service, would follow up the first mistake of releasing so widely a time for the attempt by not doing it thoroughly?"

"There remains Van Norder to be considered. I can find no evidence to connect him directly with the case. It is possible that he is in the country on some service for the Canadian Government, but would account for the general air of mystery that has surrounded his movements. He would sail at the Embassy office and be under the direct control of the government. In some way with the work he was doing. The fact that he secured the room next to Praxide may seem suspicious at first but remember this point, it was largely because he accepted that room that suspicion was directed against him. If some other circumstances had been first to connect him with the case and it had been found that he had a room next to the inventor, then the fact must still have worked against him. As things were, the acceptance of the room next to the inventor, if he might be, was bound to come in for some attention at the hands of the police."

"To be sure," began Bracey. "Van Norder is a man who has been known to be in the company of the most recent, no matter who he might be, was bound to come in for some attention at the hands of the police."

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can resulting in the loss of life as well as property, was a genuine hogher to homebodies. On the other hand, the Indians were in their park often barred by fences. Pioneers from the white men's tents thus were making full use of the natural foods the country afforded. Even when sickness was for them a danger, it provided them with some opportunity for white attack. Their natural source of subsistence did not seem to have been almost entirely cut off. An idea of their desperation may be gathered from the fact that at least one occasion when they attacked the whites and were chased, their planks were of a mile-and-a-half distance. In other words, they took the field and rode their lives for the sake of a few vegetables and some cure of ills.

A party of some thirty, along with other soldiers, their assistants and an Indian messenger, surprised the Indians at the upper mouth of Mill Creek in 1893. Their first opportunity was to wipe out this Indian group on the spot. On the occasion of this attack, part of the whites, first was exposed to the desperate Indians in the early morning and we were in a terrible danger of our men, women and children, that day. A few, we were three or four, perhaps, escaped into the brush and got away. The Mill Creek Indians were a tribe disappeared from history at this time. With one or two possible exceptions, nothing was seen of it again for over thirty-five years.

The carriers who stopped these century measures (1893) were the first to number to rescue their old mode of life. They were, on the other hand, so small a party that they succeeded in killing only a little by little they were driven from their hiding places and took up again the precarious life of hunting and fishing. They did not, however, allow themselves to be seen. They undoubtedly expected conditions to follow discovery, and probably there was some judgment behind the belief. The silent crows of silence and silence were not to be broken by the whites, and, indeed, there. All that we positively know about them is that they disappeared in 1893, but were still alive in 1908. Under the circumstances, they must have received "protection." Only the primitive mode of life was open to them. They were given time when they went into retirement, and it was their salvation. When some again in 1908 they still used the bow and arrow and other aboriginal appliances, and were absolutely unfamiliar with the usage of civilization. Their avoidance of observation of any kind left them as isolated as if they had been literally in another world.

Before the mouth of a mile branch known as Dolphin Creek, the Indians who live in the main stream open out into a fairly wide valley. Between the lake and the cliffs on the north side and the stream itself, is a long slope composed of low drift. This slope consists of rocks just up to transmission position, littered with deep gullies, and everywhere with a perfect mat of scrub-oak. The brush is so thick that it is practically impenetrable. Even sheep and cattle avoid the place, I

doubt if such animals could make their way through it. Two or three miles through this brush in a good day's work for a man. Here the Indians, as so many, found a dual refuge. On the edge of this plain, on a shoulder overlooking the clearing, under some poplar woods as I recall, they built some day lodges. To this locality and little village they gave the name of Bear's Hiding Place. The secretaries and platform here, short are useless for civilization. The few drifts remain on the side. The country is quite unbroken except for certain men and women, who come at certain times of the year and "round up" their stock. Since the livestock men have taken the land where the Indians lived, the stockmen also avoided it. There for over twenty years the Indians lived in peace.

They do not seem to have lived here exclusively. As far as we are able at the present time, they ranged in the summer as far west as Mount Laramie. On the upper slopes of these immediate peaks they found plenty of game, and as we to do that. When it grew cold they returned to the foot hills and passed the winter there. The Indians of this area lived in a circle of about three or four feet deep. They were scattered in such form of the mountain. The men of this group were a supply of water and saved them the trouble and risk of going down to the creek, some five hundred feet below.

The village site has now been visited by a number of people, scientific and otherwise. I think they will all agree that the thinking of the Indians was one of people who were not only deeply anxious to life themselves, but who knew thoroughly well how to do it. The houses were built where they were made from the drift on either side. The Indians passed down to the creek, which was very important to them on account of the fish, under the shelter of a growth of brush. Thus they could move about and still remain hidden. Moreover, they could move about in the water. The little path that leads down from the lodge under and through the brush, remains and disappears as it approaches the stream. In other words, they went down by different ways, to avoid making any conspicuous pathway. In making the careful path through the brush, they built and the secretaries of their. Outing or breaking them would have made the path much more conspicuous. I think if it were not for the fact that they would have seen the Indians if they had been looking directly down upon them. Although the place and its immediate surroundings are evidence of drift, and to the weathering of the rocks on the mountain round about, the locality would have looked almost like a genuine bear's hiding place, for all the evidence of human habitation to be seen. Such was the life of this group until the year 1908. At this time a party of surveyors, on engineering business, happened by mere luck to encounter them. The surveying party were not suddenly observed, standing on a rock by the stream side, armed with a long spear. This resulted, from all accounts, in the

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